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SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION

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MARINA

Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

GEORGE LILLO: *From the prologue to his* MARINA, *an adaptation of* PERICLES, *produced at Covent Garden Theatre*, 1738.

MARINA

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

BEING THE SHAKESPEARIAN
PORTION OF THE TRAGEDY
OF 'PERICLES'

EDITED BY
S. WELLWOOD

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
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PREFACE.

IT may seem, at first sight, unnecessary to reprint separately the Shakespearian scenes of *Pericles*, since that play is to be found in every modern edition of the poet. But this all-too-brief story of Pericles and his lost wife and daughter, as it flashes out here and there amidst the sordid and offensive pages of what Ben Jonson justly called a 'mouldy tale,' is, at the best, a gem vilely set. Removed from surroundings with which it has no real affinity, and from which it is capable of entire separation, it assumes a less fragmentary form, and becomes, not a finished whole, it is true, but still a complete sketch; not a play, perhaps, but a perfect dramatic poem, which takes its place naturally and inevitably side by side with the romances of Shakespeare's last period.

This redaction will also, it is hoped, enable the reader to see more clearly that nowhere else has Shakespeare maintained so high a level of pure poetry through so many consecutive scenes. Elsewhere in Shakespeare you will find greater characterization, intenser passion, more depth, more

height; what you will not find is such an unbroken atmosphere of wonder and beauty.

The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre' was entered on the Stationers' Register on May 20th, 1608, in name of Edward Blount, with the remark that its publication was 'to be stayed.' Blount was evidently forestalled by Henry Gosson, who published the first edition of the play, in quarto, bearing Shakespeare's name on the title-page, in 1609. This circumstance, combined with the wretched state of the text, makes it certain that the latter was surreptitiously obtained and piratically published. It was reprinted in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630 and 1635, all in quarto. The First Folio editors, however, were not satisfied as to the authenticity of the play, for they omitted it from their volume; nor does it appear again until its inclusion in the second issue of the Third Folio (1664), along with six other plays foreign to the earlier folios, viz.: *The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine*,—all which are now known as the Shakespeare Apocrypha. Dryden accepted the play, but Pope was sceptical, as were the editors prior to Malone. Steevens believed it to be only partly the work of Shakespeare, and this view was generally taken by the later editors. Modern criticism has detected the presence of three hands. George Wilkins is conjectured to have written Acts I. and II.; Acts III., IV. and V. are attributed to

Shakespeare, with the exception of the prose scenes (ii., iv. and vi.) of Act IV.,[1] which are supposed to be the work of William Rowley.

The tale of *Pericles* is of considerable antiquity; it was well known over southern Europe in the Middle Ages. The dramatists, however, derived their plot from Gower, who gives an English rendering of the story in his *Confessio Amantis;* and also from a prose version by Laurence Twine, entitled *The Patterne of Paynfull Adventures* (1576). *Pericles*, as a whole, is an exceedingly ill-constructed and rambling play. Shakespeare, as we are often told, was not a master of dramatic technique, but in none of his authentic plays is there such an utter disregard of the most elementary principles of dramatic art as in this patchwork of undeveloped actions, dumb-shows, and long chorus-speeches. This crudeness of construction, therefore, apart from the internal evidence, at once casts doubt upon the genuineness of the authorship.

The date of composition can only be inferred, but probably it was not long anterior to publication. The conjecture 1607-8 is generally accepted in the case of Shakespeare's part, the verse having all the characteristics of his latest manner. The text is the most corrupt of any Elizabethan play that has come down to us; and verse is frequently printed as prose, and prose as verse.

In 1608 George Wilkins published a novel called 'The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of

[1] The references are to modern editions.

Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of *Pericles* as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet *John Gower*.' An error (due originally to Delius), which has not been sufficiently exposed, is the statement that Wilkins claimed the play as 'a poore infant of my braine.' This expression occurs in the preface to the novel, and cannot be made to refer to the play, as to whose real authorship Wilkins, indeed, shows a curious reticence, his mention of Gower being merely a polite evasion.

J. Payne Collier tried to show that this novel contains fragments of Shakespeare's phraseology that are not found in the play, proving that Wilkins had before him a more perfect copy than is now extant; but the examples cited in support of this theory are hardly conclusive, with the exception of the solitary phrase, 'poor inch of nature!' in the speech of Pericles in which he addresses the infant Marina. It *might* be Shakespeare's, but is perhaps not beyond Wilkins in an inspired moment.

In 1874 an attempt to extract the Shakespearian element[1] was made by Mr. Fleay, who printed his

[1] George Lillo's adaptation (1738) may be mentioned. He deleted the first two acts of *Pericles* and presented the remainder, with many alterations and interpolations, as a tragedy in three acts entitled *Marina*. It cannot be said that he appreciably sweetened the prose scenes; but his re-arrangement of the piece is ingenious, if unnecessary, and as he probably may be credited with allowing what he believed were Shakespeare's lines to stand, his version is entitled to more respect than the efforts of the average 'Shakespeare tinker.' A version of *Pericles*, parts of which were re-written, was presented, I believe, a few years ago at Stratford-on-Avon.

result, along with an essay, in the 'New Shakspere Society's Transactions.' Mr. Fleay employed metrical tests, and he gives the following comparative table:

	Acts I., II.	Acts III., IV., V.
Total No. of lines	835	827
No. of rhyme lines	195	14
No. of double endings	72	106
No. of Alexandrines	5	13
No. of short lines	71	98
No. of rhymes not dialogue	8	16

Metrical tests, by themselves, are not infallible: they become an aid only when taken into account with other factors; and these figures certainly confirm opinions based upon considerations of style and diction, the difference in the number of rhyme lines—195 as against 14—being especially striking. At the period at which *Pericles* was written Shakespeare, as all students of his works know, had almost entirely discarded rhyme in his dialogue. Mr. Fleay therefore rejects the first two acts; and also the prose scenes of Act IV., on the ground that their treatment is foreign to Shakespeare's feeling on such matters.

That Tennyson had previously come to the same conclusion is shown by the following account by Dr. Furnivall of a conversation on the subject.[1] 'When I first saw Mr. Tennyson last winter [1873] —after many years' occasional correspondence—he

[1] New Shak. Soc. Trans., 1874, pp. 252-253.

askt me, during our talk, whether I'd ever examind *Pericles* with any care. I had to confess I'd never read it, as some friends whom I considerd good judges had told me it was very doubtful whether Shakspere wrote any of it. Mr. Tennyson answered, "Oh, that won't do. He wrote all the part relating to the birth and recovery of Marina and the recovery of Thais. I settld that long ago. Come upstairs and I'll read it to you." Upstairs to the smoking-room in Seamore Place we went; and there I had the rare treat of hearing the poet read in his deep voice—with an occasional "Isn't *that* Shakspere? What do you think of that?" and a few comments—the genuine part of *Pericles*. But I stupidly forgot to write down the numbers of the scenes. However, when the proof of Mr. Fleay's print of "The Birth and Life of Marina" came, its first words, "Thou God of this great vast," brought the whole thing back to me, and I recognizd in its pages the same scenes that Mr. Tennyson had read to me . . . Mr. Tennyson has confirmd my original impression that Mr. Fleay has printed only those parts of the play that Mr. Tennyson held, and holds, genuine.

'P.S.—Dr. George Macdonald has since told me that he had made the same division of the play himself, though not so long ago as Mr. Tennyson.'

'This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole,' says Mr. Fleay, 'and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of

Shakespeare: the whole play, as it stands, might be printed in collections for the curious, and there only.'

As the 'New Shakspere Society's Transactions' are practically inaccessible to the general public, and as Mr. Fleay's print is constantly referred to by modern Shakespeare editors, it has been felt that the publication of the romance to a larger audience would not be unwelcome.

The present version is identical with that of Mr. Fleay in so far as it presents the same portions of *Pericles*; but the texts differ considerably. Mr. Fleay has attempted to remedy metrical defects by frequently adding and abstracting syllables in a somewhat arbitrary manner. In defence of printing 'what have we' for 'what's' in the original, he says: 'For the metre's sake such a conjecture would not be admissible in a less corrupt play; but the text in this one necessitates much surgery with a firm hand.'

In the present instance such surgery has not been resorted to, and the text of Q. 1, has been followed where possible, with, of course, the correction of obvious printer's errors, and also with the adoption of such conjectural readings as appeared reasonable, the chief of which are recorded in the notes. Only one fresh emendation has been made; and where the metre is imperfect the reader is asked to remember that the fault lies not with Shakespeare, but with the nameless transcriber of the original.

Whether Shakespeare extended the work of

Wilkins and Rowley, or whether they built their play round the unfinished sketch of Shakespeare, is a point on which considerable difference of opinion exists. There are evidences, however, that Shakespeare retouched here and there those parts of the play for which he himself was not responsible: several scholars, for instance, have called attention to the two following passages:

> The blind mole casts
> Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
> By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
> *Pericles*, I. i.

And,

> O that the gods
> Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
> Though they did change me to the meanest bird
> That flies i' the purer air!
> *Ibid.*, IV. vi.

Finally, it must be confessed that the exact circumstances which gave birth to this curious collaboration present one of the most puzzling problems of literary history. That *Pericles* is the work of three hands is generally admitted; that two of these were Wilkins and Rowley has not been conclusively established; that the portion contained in the following pages was written entirely by Shakespeare is the unanimous conviction of the best modern authorities—and that is sufficient for the purpose of this volume.

In the case of certain plays there is doubt, and probably there always will be doubt, as to the Shakespearian authorship of certain passages. No

writer is always at the height of his powers, and there is a point, it may be, up to which Shakespeare can be imitated; but when he begins to 'sing hymns at heaven's gate,' it is impossible to mistake the voice.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, *a Lord of Tyre.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *Wife to Pericles.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
Lords, Sailors, etc.
DIANA.

SCENE.—On Shipboard. Tarsus. Ephesus.

Between Acts I. and II. a period of about fourteen years is supposed to have elapsed. In order to supply the motive of Act II. Scene I., it has been necessary to retain the Gower chorus preceding Act IV. of 'Pericles.'

The opening scene finds Pericles and his queen making a hasty and unexpected journey from the court of Simonides, Thaisa's father, at Pentapolis, to Tyre, in response to a belated letter from Helicanus recounting the dissatisfaction of Pericles' subjects at his prolonged absence, and declaring their resolve, unless he returned in twice six moons, to transfer the crown to Helicanus.

MARINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails.

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an* Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit,[1] would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece

[1] understanding.

Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb; even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,[1]
With all thou canst find here. Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

[1] pay for.

Second Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

Second Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Second Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Second Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *with a* Servant, *and some* Persons *who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To* PHILEMON.] Give this to the 'pothecary
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Second Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.
Second Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O, you say well.
First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
Second Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

First Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down; let 's look upon 't.
Second Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
Second Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! did the sea cast it up?
First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open.
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Second Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured;
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.
Second Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
[*Exit a* Servant.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

Re-enter Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said;[1] the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part

[1] *i.e.* 'Well done.'

Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear,
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
Second Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months[1] are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your strokes of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full woundingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey

[1] *i.e.* the twelve months' grace imposed by the people of Tyre.

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,

Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'S *House. Enter* CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are [now]
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where, till your date expire, you may abide.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

[*Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,*
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten, and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.]

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold love inflaming thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.
Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone? How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not consume your blood with sorrowing; you have a nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's changed with this unprofitable woe. Come, give me your flowers: [upon the beach,] ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine; the air is quick there, and it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go; but yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you. Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least. Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while. Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. [*Exit* DIONYZA. Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for 't. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*Seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pir. Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*
Second Pir. A prize! a prize!

Third Pir. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tarsus. A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.
Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,
While ours was blurted[1] at and held a malkin[2]
Not worth the time of day.[3] It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

[1] pooh-pooh'd. [2] slut. [3] not worth a 'Good-day.'

And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies; 50
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *On board* Pericles' *ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the* Sailor *of Mitylene.*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O! here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.
[Gentlemen *and* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the Tyrian* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve[1] you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered.*
This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain: he will not speak to you.
First Lord. Sir,

[1] inform.

We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers a* Lord, *who goes off in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter from the barge, Lord, *with* MARINA *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat[1]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*
Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

[1] artificial feat = skilful accomplishment.

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments which
You make more rich to owe?[1]
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

[1] own.

Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well; where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith,
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,

What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect,
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark! what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;

Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons[1] I'll tell thee why.
[*To* LYSIMACHUS.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as* high priestess; *a number of* Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his* train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;

[1] afterwards.

Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder; but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

*** *Only the more important variations from Q. 1 are noted.*

I. i. 7. 'Thou stormest venomously'; Dyce. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'then storme venomously.' Malone, 'Thou storm, venomously,' etc.

I. i. 26. 'Vie honour with you'; Mason conj. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'use honour with you.'

I. i. 52. 'custom'; Boswell conj. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'easterne,' 'Easterne,' and 'Eastern.' Knight (Jackson's conj.), 'astern.'

I. i. 53. 'for she must overboard straight.' In the early editions this follows the 'As you think meet' of Pericles. It was first transferred to the sailor's speech by Malone.

I. i. 63. 'Aye-remaining lamps'; Malone conj. Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'ayre remayning lampes.' Qq. 4, 5, 6, 'ayre remaining lampes.' F. 3, 'ayre remaining lamps.' F. 4, 'air remaining lamps.'

I. ii. 41. 'treasure'; Steevens. Qq. 1-5, Ff. 3, 4, 'pleasure.' Q. 6, 'pleasures.'

I. ii. 95. 'vial'; F. 4. Qq. 1-3, 'violl.' Qq. 4-6, F. 3, 'viall.' Most editors, deceived by the reference to music in the context, print 'viol'; but the boxes which Cerimon directs his servant to bring doubtless contained vials, and Wilkins's novel tells us that 'a precious liquor' was poured into Thaisa's mouth. Besides, the words 'How thou stirr'st, thou block!' are hardly applicable to a person playing upon a viol.

I. iii. 6. 'strokes'; Round (The Henry Irving Shakespeare). Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'shakes.' Steevens, 'shafts.'

I. iii. 7. 'woundingly'; Schmidt conj. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'wondringly.' Steevens, 'wand'ringly.' Cambridge edd., 'wanderingly.'

I. iv. 14. 'Where, till your date expire, you may abide'; Fleay. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'Where you may abide till your date expire.'

II. i. 5. 'cold love inflaming thy bosom.' Q. 1, 'cold, in flaming, thy love bosome.' Qq. 2-6, 'cold, in flaming thy love bosome.' Ff. 3, 4, 'cold, inflaming thy love bosom.' Knight, 'cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,' etc.

II. i. 22-30. This passage is usually printed as verse, but the effect is so discordant that I have turned it into prose. A few shorter passages have been similarly treated.

II. ii. 12. 'fact'; Dyce. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'face.'

II. ii. 17. 'pious'; Mason conj. Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'impious.' The rest omit.

II. ii. 31. 'distain'; Steevens conj. Qq. 'distaine.' Ff. 3, 4, 'disdain.'

III. i. 206. 'life'; Steevens. Qq. Ff. 3, 4, 'like.'

III. i. 238-246. These lines have a particularly wooden note which is not, I think, Shakespeare's.

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